STAND FAST, CRAIG-ROYSTON!

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER III.

AN APPROACE. There was a knock at the door. "Come in!" called out old George Bethune. There appeared a middle - aged man, of medium height, who looked like a butler out of employment; he was pale and flabby of face. with nervous eyes expressive of a sort of im-

Beelle amiability.
"Ab. Hobson!" said Mr. Bethune, in his lofty manner. "Well?"

The landlady's husband came forward in the

humblest possible fashion; and his big. promiment, vacuous eyes seemed to be asking for a Mittle consideration and good will.
"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, in the

most deplorable of cockney accents. "I 'umbly beg your pardon for making so bold; but knowing as you was so fond of everything Stotch. I took the liberty of bringing you a sample of something very special—a friend of mine, sir, recommended it-and then says I to him, 'Lor bless ye, I don't know nothing about Highland whiskey; but there's a gentleman in our 'ouse who is sure to be a judge, and if I ean persuade him to try it, he'll be able to say "All right, Hobson," said George Bethune, in

his grand way. "Some other time I will see what it is like."

Thank you, 'sir, thank you!" said the exbutler, with earnest gratitude; and he went and placed the bottle on the sideboard. Then be came back and hesitatingly took out an envelope from his pocket. "And if I might ask another favor, sir. You see, sir, in this 'ot weather people won't go to the theatres; and they're not doing much; and my brother-in-law, the theatrical agent, he's glad to get the places filled up, to make a show, sir, as you might say. And I've got two dress-circle seats, if you and the young lady was thinking of going to the theatre to-morrownight. It's a great favor, sir, as my brother-in-law said to me as he was a-giving me the tickets and araking me

He lied; for there was no brother-in-law and ne theatrical agent in the case. He himself had that very afternoon honestly and straightforwardly purchased the tickets at the box office, as he had done on more than one occasion before, out of the money allowed him for personal expenses by his wife; so that he had to look forward to a severe curtaliment of his gin and tobacco for weeks to come.

Thanks-thanks!" said George Bethune, as he lit his long clay pipe. "I will see what my grauddaughter says when she comes in—unless you would like to use the tickets yourself."

Oh, no, sir. begging your pardon, sir" was the instant rejoinder. "When I ave a even-ing out I go to the Oxbridge music all-perbaps it's vanity, sir-but when Charley Cold-stream gets a hangeore. I do like to hear some on 'em call out, 'Says Wolseley, says ne! Ah, sir, that was the proudest moment of my life when I see Charley Coldstream come on the stage and begin to sing verse after verse. and the people cheering; and I owed it all to you, sir; it was you, sir, advised me to send it

"A catching refrain-a catching refrain." said the old gentleman, encouragingly. "Just fitted to get hold of the public ear."

'Why, sir." said Hobson, with a fatuous little shuckle of delight, "this werry afternoon, as I. was coming down Park street. I heard a butcher's boy a-singing it-I did indeed, sir-as clear as could be I heard the words:

"'Says Wolseley, says he,

You can fight other chaps, but you can't fight me'-every word I heard. But would you believe it, sir. when I was in the Oxbridge music 'all I could 'ardly listen I was so frightened. and my ears a-buzzin', an' me 'ardly able to breaths. Lor, sir, that was a experience! Nobody looked at me, and that was a mercy-l couldn't ha' stood it. Even the Chairman, as was not more than six yards from me, didn't w who I was, and not being acquainted with him I couldn't offer him somethink, which I should have considered it a proud honor so to do on sich an occasion. And if I might make

He was fumbling in his breast pocket. What-more verses?" said Mr. Bethune, ol naturedly. "Well, let's see them. But

In a few seconds those two curiously assorted companions-the one massive and strong built, impressive in manner, measured and emphatic of speech, the other feeble and fawn ing, at once eager and vacuous, his face ever ready to break into a maudlin smile-were seated in confabulation together with some sheets of scribbled paper between. And if you will excuse my being so bold.

sir." continued Hobson, with great humility. "but I have been reading the little volume of Scotch songs you lent me, and-and-"Trying your hand at that, too?" "Only a verse, sir."

Mr. Bethune took up the scrap of paper and mead aloud:

O lesse me on the toddy. the toddy.

O lesse me on the toddy. We'll line a willie waught

"Well, yes," he said, with rather a doubtful air. "you've got the phrases all right-except the willie-waught, and that is a common error. To tell you the truth my friend, there is no such thing as as a willie-waught. Waught is a hearty drink: a richt gude-willie waught is drink with right good will. Willie-waught is nothing—a misconception—a printer's blunder. However, phrases do not count for much. Scotch phrases do not make Scotch song. It is not the provincial dialect-it is the breathing peated, in a proud manner, as if to crush this

> I see her in the dawy flower, Sae lovely, sweet, and fair I hear her voice in like bird "i' music charm the air There's not a bonnie flower that springs my fountain, shaw, or green. Nor yet a bounte bird that sings

poor anxious poet by the comparison:

responsible that sings of minds me of my Jean.

ardon. sir—Miss Bethune?" said Hobultingly; for he evidently thought as were of the old gentleman's own ion. And then as he received no and my Jean.

Mr. Bethune had turned to his pipe.

and. "Ah, I see, sir, I have not been at I no ambitious—too ambitious. It would see them young fellows at I knew—anni—and in fact, sir, what hat there is nothing ilke patriolism, but hor grandfather, over the wall down to her when they've at a gines. Talk about the Tip French ain' in it, when when An Englishman and given to houst the art for when his back's up, and man too, sir, I beg your pard in I did anything. I intended to include the an 100. I a-sure you, sir. There as an fore, of it, thought of sonding it to Mr. im. I make it would take. For there's should like to read to you, if I may bold, I thought of sonding it to Mr. im. I make it would take. For there's should like to read to you, if I may bold, I thought of sonding it to Mr. im. I make it would take. For there's should like to read to you, if I may bold, I thought of sonding it to Mr. im. I make it would take. For there's it in the Praglebman yet and in the incoo, sir. he can introduced by the man and his granddaughter went to the theat of thought of sonding it of Mr. in the while we and water is had or himself and began:

**Reserve the main affects to at the tip was believed to a set the free with a read to rou. If I may bold, I thought of sonding it of Mr. in the while we had a more valiant ring in it was a set to the free who had a more valiant ring in it when well as a set to the free who had a more valiant ring in it was well season the he is an and the find the sond But minds me o' my Jean. "Beg pardon, sir-Miss Bethune?" said Hobmon, inquiringly; for he evidently thought these lines were of the old gentleman's own composition. And then, as he received no answer, for Mr. Bethune had turned to his pipe. he resumed. "Ah. I see, sir, I have not been successful. Too ambitious-too ambitious. It was you yourself, sir, as advised me to write about what I knew—and—and in fact, sir, what I see is that there is nothing like patriotism. Lor, sir, you should see them young fellows at the Oxbridge-they're as brave as lions especially when they've ad a glass. Talk about the French! The French ain't in it, when we're got our spirit up. We can stand a lot, sir, yes, we can; but don't let them push us too far. We can; but don't let them push us too far.

Not too far. It will be a bad day for them when
they do. An Englishman and tigien to bonsting; but he's a terror when his back's up, and
a Scotchman too, atr. I beg your pard m. I did
not mean anything. I intended to include the
Scotchman too. I a-sure you sir. There sa
little thing here, ar. he entimed to needle.

"that I should like to read to you, if I may
make so bold. I thought of sonding it o Mr.
Coldstream. I'm sure it would take. For there's
some fight in the Englishman yet, and in the
Bootchman, too, sir. he instantly added.

"A patriotic poem? Weil?"

Thus encouraged the pleased poet moistered
his lips with the whisley and water he had
brought for himself and began:

West' the same weeks there and for the

Where's the man would turn and for the secretarity man forth

Who will lead us to the frag ? Who will sweep the he inner ? Who will tolk the alarmic day ? Set Knotnett's chicalcy ?

Then his voice had a more valiant ring in it

away?" but these little peculiarities were lost in the fervor of his enthusiasm.

Roberts-Grokam-Buller-Wood-He paused after each name as if listening for the thunderous cheering of the imaginary audience.

And many another 'most as good, They're the men to shed their blood For their country! Then there was a touch of pathos. Pare thee well, love, and adteu. But that was immediately dismissed Piercer thoughts I have than you; We will drive the dastard crew And then he stretched forth his right avm.
and declaimed in loud and portentous tones:

See the bloody vented Reid:
Look the fre-they yield - They yield |
Mourah | hoursh | our plony's sealed |
Three cheers for bloomy

See the broody rented stell;

Look the five—they yield ("—they yield ("Murrah Amyrah ("arr yield yield ("Amyrah Amyrah ("arr yield yield ("arr yield ("arr yield yield ("arr yield ("arr yield yield ("arr y

"The broom, the yellow, yellow broom, The broom of the Cowdenkinsmes,"

and at once you have before you golden banks and at once you have before you golden banks and meadows and June skies, and all else is fornotten. Indeed has, Scotland has become for me such a storohouse of beautiful things—in imagination—that I am almost afraid to return to it, in case the reality might disappoint me. No, no, it could not disappoint me: I treasure every inch of the sacred soil; but sometimes I wonder if you will recognize the maxic and witchery of hill and gien. As for me, there is naught else I fear now; there are no human ties I shall have to take up again; I shall not have to mourn the Bourocks o Bargeny."

Bargeny."

"What is that, grandfather?"

"What is that, grandfather?"

"If you had been brought up in Scotland, Maisrie, you would have known what the bigging o' bouroeks was among children—playhouses in the sand. But sometimes the word is applied to hute or cottages, as it is in the title of Hew Ainsile's poem. That poem is one that I shall be proud to give a place to in my collection." he continued, with an air of importance. "Hew Ainsile is no more with us; but his countrymen, whether in America or at home, are not likely to jovet the "Bouroeks" collection. He consisted is no more with us; portance. "Hew Ainslie is no more with us; but his countrymen, whether in America or at home, are not likely to forget the Bourocks o' Bargeny."

o' Bargeny."
"Con you remember it, grandfather?"
"Can I not?" said he; and therewith he re-peated the lines, never faltering once for a

Lieft ye. Jeanie, blooming fair, bang the bournoks of Hargeny; I've round ye on the banks of Ayr. But sair ye re altered, Jeanie. Heft ye like the wanton lamb. That plays 'mang Hadyed's heather; I've found ye noo a sober dame— A wite and eke a mither.

I left ye 'mang the seaves sae green In rustic weed befittin';

In rustic weed befittin;
I've found by clucks; like a queen,
In painted chaumer siftin;
Ye're fairer, statelier, I can sea,
Ye're wiser, nne doubt, deanle;
But on! I'd rather met wi', thee
Mang the burrocks of Bargony!

gool naturedly. "Well, let's see them. But take a seat, man, take a seat."

Rather timidly he drew a chair in to the table; and then he said with appealing eyes:
"But wouldn't you allow me, sir, to fetch rou a little drop of the whiskey—I assure you it's the best!"

"Oh, very well—very well; but bring two timbless; single drinking is slow work."

"It's very said, grandiatuer, sing said, wist-fully. The way of the world—the way of the world—the way of the world, said he; and observing that she had finished and was waiting for him, he forthwith "There's many a true story of that kind. Well, Maisric, you'll just get your violin, and we'll have the Broom o' the Cowdenknowes: "And while she went to fetch the violin, and as he cut his tobacco, he sang in a quavering voice—

Oh the broom, the bonnis, bonnis broom, The broom of the Cowden knowes. I wish I were at hame axin. Where the broom sac sweetly grows!

And then he went to the window to smoke his pipe in peace and quiet, while Maisrie, seated further back in the shadow of the room played for him the well-known air. Did she guess—and fear—that she might have an audience of more than one? At all events her doubts were soon resolved. When she had ceased, and after a second or so of slience, there came another sound into the prevailing hush—it was one of the Songs Without Words, and it was being played with considerable delicacy and charm.

"Hello," said Mr. Bethune, when he heard the first low-riopling notes, "have we a musical neighbor now?"

"Yes, grandfather." Maisrie replied, rather timidly. "Last night, when you were out, some one played."

"Yes, grandfather." Maisrie replied, rather timidly. "Last night, when you were out, some one played."

"Ah, a music mistress, I dare say. Poor thing—perhape all alone—and wishing to be friendly in this sort of fashion."

They listened without further speech until the inst notes had gradually died away.

"Now, Maisrie, it is your turn."

"Oh, no, grandfather!" she said, hastily.

"Why not?"

"It would be like answering—to a stranger."

"And are we not all strangers?" he said.

"Oh. no. grandfather!" she said, hastily.

"Why not?"
"It would be like answering—to a stranger."
"And are we not all strangers?" he said.
gently. "I think it is a very pretty idea, it that
is what is mean! We'll soon see. Come,
Maisrie-something more than the plashing of
a fountain—something with northern fire in
it. Why not Helen of Rirkconnell?"

"The girl was very obedient: she took no her
violin, and presently she was playing that
strangely simple air that nevertheless is about
as oroud and passionate and piteous as the
tragic stry to which it is wedded. Perhans the
stranger over these did not know the ballad;
but George lethune knew it only too well; and
his voice almost broke into a sob as he said;
When she had finished:

"Ah. Maisrie. It was no music master
taught you that; it was born in your nature.
Sometimes I wonder it a capacity for incense
sympathy means an equal capacity for suffering—it is said if it should be so—a thick skin
would be wholesomer—as far as I have seen
the world; and lew have seen more of it. Well,
what has our neighbor to say?"

Their unseen companion on the other side of
the little thoroughiare responded with a waltz
of Chopin's—a mysterious, elusive sort of a
thing, that seemed to fade away into the dark

Thore himsus." "You meinem Bergii muss is scheiden," or something of that kind; whereas, if it had been a man who occupied these rooms, surely they would have heard-during the day, for example—a fine bold ditty like "Simon the Cellarer." The Bay of Biscay," or "The Friar of Orders Gray," with a strident voice outroaring the accempaniment. Maisrie answered nothing to these arguments, but in spite of herself, when she had to cross the room for something or other, her orea would seek that mysterious vacant whodow with however rand and circumscover, the piano was never touched during the day, the stranger invariably waited for the twillight before seeking to resume that subite link of communication.

Of course this substead the stranger invariably waited for the twillight before seeking to resume that subite link of communication.

Of course this the person over there possesses and series and her granditather were going out as usual for a stroll in the park, she went down stairs first and along the jobby and opened the door to wait for him. At the very same instant the door opposite was opened, and there suddenly presented to her view, was a young man. He was looking straight across—their eyes met without the slightest chance of equivocation or denial; and each knew that this was recognition. They regarded each other but for a swift second by the unexit was beating a little more quicklying the straight across—their eyes met without the slightest chance of equivocation or denial; and each knew that this was recognition. They regarded each other but for a swift second by the unexit was beating a little more quicklying the superised for the methylocation for denial; and each knew that this was recognition. They regarded each other, and then grand the man and the man and the man and the supplementation of the methylocation of the methylocation of the methylocation of the methylocation of the superised for the methylocation of the methyl

natural expression of our happiness, in times of trouble it refreshes the heart with thoughts of other and brighter days. A light heart abeart that can sing to itself—that is the thing to carry you through life. Maisrie." And he alimself, as he crossait the room to fetch a box of matches, was troiling gayly, with a fine bravura execution:

ura execution:
The boar rooks at the pler o' Leith,
Fu loud the wind blows fram the ferry;
The slip rites by the lierwise Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.
Go feich to me a pint o' wins,
And nil is in a sliver tassie,
That I may druk before i go
A service to my bonnie lassee.

h. yes, of course."

And Maisrie made him a little bow-for he was looking at her rather supplicatingly—as he raised his hat and withdrew. Their eyes had met once more; she could not will have avoided that. And of course she saw him as he walked away southward, across the bridge, until he disappeared.

"A very agreeable young man that," said Mr. Bethune, with decision as he rose to his feet and intimated to his granddaughter that they had better set forth again. "Frank in manner, gentle, courteeus, intelligent, too-very different from mest of the young men."

His granddaughter was silent as she walked by his side.

geniality. "Come, has rie." said he, in a gay fashion, "our neighber over the way was straightforward enough to come up and offer us his hand, and we must roturn the compriment. One good turn deserves another. Our your violin, and play something: he will understand."

But it's not the roar o' sea or shore Would make me longer wish to tarry. Nor shouts o' war that a heard afar— It's leaving thee my bonnie Mary.

Maisrie was not to be moved; but she appeared down-bearted a little. As time went on the silence in the little street seemed somehow to accost her; she knew she was responsible. She was playing draughts with her grandfather, in a perfunctory sort of way. She remembered that glance of appeal—she could not forget it—and this had been her answer. Then all of a sudden her hand that hovered over the board trembed, and she had simost dropped the piece that was in her fingers; for there had sprung into the stillness a half-hushed sound—it was an air she knew well enough—she could a most recognize the words:

Nachtigall, ich hor* dich singen; S' Herz thut mir im Leibe springen, Komm nur bald und sag mir's wahl, Wie ich mich verhalten soll.

Her grandfather stopped the game to listen, and when the soft melody bad ceased he said: "There, now, Maisrle, that is an invitation; you must answer."

the old man in rather a nervous and eager fashion fearful all the time that eitnor of them should propose to go.

And thus it came about that young Harris seemed to have a good deal to say for himself; he appeared to forget that he was seenking to two strangers; rather he was chatting with two neighbors, whom ne wished to be his friends. And the old man, in his self-sufficient and dignified way, was quite content to encourage this new accusantance, his conversation was comething to pass the time withal he was modest, well-mannered, intelligent; there was an air of distinction about him that showed good bringing up, as well as some decision of character. No doubt he was of a wealthy family or he could not that showed good bringing up, as well as some decision of character. No doubt he was of a wealthy family or he could not have spent so much of his time in travel; by accident he had mentioned one or two well-known people as though he were in from some passing hint as to the nature of his studies Mr. Bethune gathered that this pleasant-spoken. Pleasant-smiling neighbor was something interesting to one who had grown old and callous to the world's shows in noting the bright enthusiasm of the young man, the clear light in his eyes, the ceneral air of

and when the soft melody bad ceased he said:
 "There, now, Maisris, that is an invitation:
you must answor."
 "No, no, grandfather," she said, almost in
distress. "I would rather not—you don't know
—you must find out something about—about
whoever it is that plays. I am sure it would
be better. Of course it is quite harmless, say
you say—oh, yes, quite harmless—but I should
like you to get to know first—quite harmless, of
course—but I am frightened—about a stranger
—not frightened, of course—but—don't ask me,
grandfather:"
 Well, it was not of much concern to him; and,
as he was winning all along the line, he wiliingly returned to the game, it had grown so
dark, however, that Maisrie had togo and light
the gas—having drawn down the blinds lirst,
as was her invariable habit. When she came
back to the table she seemed to breathe more
freely, though she was thoughtful and prooccupled—not with the game. The music on the
other side of the way was not resumed that

cupled—not with the game. The music on that other side of the way was not resumed that ovening, as far as they could hear.

Neveral days passed: and each evening now was silent. Majeris saw nothing more of the groung man Majeris saw nothing more of the ground same of their sacetime at their places on a bench near the Serpentine, while the old man had nulled out a newspaper and began to read it. The day was suitry, inspired an occasional editing of which and Majeris of the water, and the trees, and the say, observed that all the world around her was gradually growing darker. In the south, especially, the heavens were of a curious maille hue—a, livid grar, as it were; while across that hung two belts of deepest purple that remained motiocless, while other and lighter tags of vapor were intertwisting with each other or melting away into nothingness. Those two clouds were not of the usual cloud form at all—they were ruther like two enormous torpodoes lying horizon of the usual cloud form at all—they were ruther like two enormous torpodoes lying horizon and when that had vaulabled, there was a second or two of silence, followed by a dull, low, running not should be a subject of the strength of the subject o

with a look of outer amusement; he was think ing of the pale music mistrees—the solitary widow of his imagination.

And you—row theo play a little in the grentings sometimes?

I hope you didn't think it rude, siz, the

THE WORLD'S DESIRE

By II. Rider Haggard and Audrew Lang.

Milenam vers immortatem futere indicat tempus. - Sunriva

BOOR L. CHAPTER L.

THE BILENT ISLE. Come with us, ye whose hearts are set On this, the Present to forget: Come with us where the monnlight fills The holl-we of the fairy bills. Where droops the visionary vine Men crush to vield hearts' anodyne' Come read the things whereof ye know They were not, and could not be so! The murmur of the fallen creeds, Like winds among wind shaken reeds Along the banks of holy Nile. Shall iningle to a modern mouth; The fancies of the West and East Shall flock and fill about the feast Like doves that cooled, with waving wing. The banquets of the Cyprian king. Old shapes of song that do not dis-Shall haunt the halls of memory, and though the Bow shall prelade clear Shrill as the song of Gunnar's spear. There answer sobs from inte and lyre

That marmured of The World's Desire. There lives no man but he bath seen The World's Desire, the fairy queen None but hath seen her to his cost Divinely through his wandering: Not one but he bath followed far The portent of the Bleeding Star: Not one but he hath chancel to wake. Dreamed of the Star and found the Snake. Yet through his dreams, a wandering fire, Still, still she flits. THE WORLD's DESIRE!

Across the wide backs of the waves, beneath the mountains, and between the islands, a ship came stealing from the dark into the dusk. and from the dusk into the dawn. The ship had only one mast, one broad brown sail with a star embroidered on it in gold; her stem and stern were built high and carved like a bird's beak; her prow was painted scarlet, and she was driven by oars as well as by the western

young man said, humbly. "I thought it permissible, as between neighbors."

"Oh, they were pretty little concerts," said George Bethune, good-nauredly. 'very pretty little concerts. I don't know why they were stopped. I suppose Maisrie had seme fanor-my grandfaughter Maisrie—"It was a kind of introduction. The young man, modestly selling the quick nash of delight in his eyes at this unexpected happiness, respectfully towed. Maisrie—with her beautiful pale face suffused with unusual color, made some brief inclination aiso. Then side of the said of the pale of the pa A man stood alone on the half deck at the bows, a man who looked always forward, through the night, and the twilight, and the clear morning. He was of no great stature, but broad-breasted and very wide-shouldered, with many signs of strength. He had blue eyes, and dark curled looks falling beneath a red cap such as sailors wear, and over a purple cloak, fastened with a brooch of gold. There were threads of silver in his curls, and his beard was flecked with white. His whole heart was following his eyes, watching first for the blaze of the Island beacons out of the darkness, and, later, for the smoke rising from the far-off hills. But he watched in vain ; there was neither light nor smoke on the gray peak that lay clear against a field of yellow sky. There was no smoke, no fire, no sound of

voices, nor cry of birds. The isle was deadly still.

nor saw a sign of life, the man's face fell. The gladness went out of his eyes, his features grew older with anxiety and doubt, and with longings for tidings of his home. No man ever loved his home more than he,

man asked.

"Oh. yes, of course."

"For my granddaughter here, "he continued, with a smile, "is an Omaha girl."

"Oh. indeed," said Vin Harris, rather breathlessly, and again he ventured to look across to Maisrie Bethune and her downcast eyes.

"Yes, but only by the accident of birth." said George Bethune, instantly, as if he must needs guard against any missapprehension. "Every drop of blood in her veins is Scotch—and of a right good quality, too. We'l, you have heard—you have heard. Do you think any one could understand those old Scotch airs who was not herself Scotch in heart and soul?"

"I never heard anything so beautiful." the young man answered in an undertone; indeed he seemed hardly capable of talking about her, any more than be could fix his eyes steadily on her face, it is forced glances were timorous and fugitive. There was something sacred—that kept him at a distance, it was enough to be conscious that she was there; his only prayer was that she should remain; that he and she should be together, if a little way apart, looking at the same skies and water and trees, breathing the same air, hearkening to the same sounds. So he kept on talking to the old man in rather a nervous and eager fashion, fearful all the time that citner of them should propose to go.

And thus it came about that young Harris seemed to have a good deal to say for himself. for this was Odysseus, the son of Laertes-who of some is called Ulysses-returned from his unsung second wandering. The whole world has heard the tale of his first voyage, how he was tossed for ten years on the sea after the taking of Troy, how he reached home at last, alone and disguised as a beggar; how he found violence in his house, how he slew his foes in his own hall, and won his wife again. But even in his own country he was not permitted to rest, for there was a curse upon him and a labor to be accomplished. He must wander again till he reached the land of men who had never tasted salt, nor ever heard of the salt sea. There he must sacrifice to the Sea God, and then, at last, set his face homeward. Now he had endured that curse, he had fulfilled the prophecy, he had angered, by misadventure, the Goddess that was his friend, and after ad ventures that have never yet been told he had arrived within a bowshot of Ithaca.

He came from strange countries-from the Gates of the Sun and the White Rock, from the Passing Place of Souls and the people of Dreams. But he found his own isle more still and

as the shores of the familiar island beneath This story, whereof the substance was set out long ago by Rei the instructed Egyptian priest, tells what he found there, and the tale of the last a lventures of Odysseus, Laertes's

strange by far. The realm of Dreams was not

something interesting to one who had grown old and callous to the world's shows in noting the bright enthusiasm of the young man, the clear light in his eyes, the Leneral air of strength and ease and courage that sate lightly on him, as belitting one who was in the very May-morn of his youth.

But at last, for shame's sake, Vincent Harris had to break up this all too attractive companionship. He said, with great humility.

"I am sure I ought to apploptive to Miss Bethune for having taken up so much of your time, Rather an unwarrantable intrusion; but I don't think there is any chance of rain coming now—and—and—so I will say good-by."

"Good-by—glad to have made your acquaintance," said old George Dethune, with grave courtesy.

And Maisrie made him a little bow—for he was looking at her rather supplicatingly—as he The ship ran on and won the well-known haven, sheltered from wind by two hea :lands of sheer cliff. There she sailed straight in till the leaves of the broad olive tree at the head of the inlet were tangled in her cordage. Then the Wanderer, without looking back or saying one word of farewell to his crew, caught a bough of the olive tree with his hand, and swung himself ashere. There he knoeled and kissed the earth, and, covering his head within his cloak, he prayed that he might find his

> son worthy of him.
>
> But not one word of his prayer was to be granted. The Gods give and take, but on the earth the Gods cannot restore.
>
> When he rose from his knees he glanced

house at peace, his wife dear and true, and his

very different from mest of the young men."

His granddaughter was silent as she walked by his side.

"What—don't you think so, Maisrie?" he said, with a touch of impatience, for he was used to her assent.

"I think," she answered, a little proudly, "that he showed a good deal of confidence in coming to speak to you without knowing you; and as for his playing those airs in the evening, and in such a way—well, I don't like to use the word impertinence—but still—"I like to use the word impertinence, Nonsonse: Nonsonse!

Frankne's and neighborliness—that was all; no intrusion, none; a more modest young man I have never met. And as for his coming ne to speak to me, why blees my life, that mercip shows the humanizing effects of travel. It is like people meating at a table d'hote; and what is the world but a big table d'hote, where you speak with your neighbor for a little while and go your way and forget him? Confidence?—impertinence?—nonsonse! He was natural, unaffected, outspogen as a young man should be; in fact, I found myself on such friendly terms with him that I forgot to thank him for the little service he did us—did you. I should say. Bashfulness, Maisric," he continued, in his more sententions manner. "bushfulness and stiffness are among the worst characteristics of the untravelled and untaught. Who are we—whatover may be our lineage and pride of birth—that we should tence ourselves round back across the waters, but there was now no ship in the haven, nor any sign of a sail on all

ship in the haven, nor any sign of a sail on all the seas.

And still the land was silent; not even the wild birds cried a welcome.

The sun was hardly up a men were scarce awake, the Wanderersaid to himself; and he set a stout heart to the steep path leading up the hill, over the wolds, and across the ridge of rock that divides the two masses of the island. Up he climbed, purposing, as of old, to seek the house of his faithful servant, the awincherd, and learn from him the tidings of his home. On the brow of a hill he stopped to rost, and looked down on the house of the servant. But the strung sek palicade was broken, no smoke came from the nois in the thatched roof, and, as he suproached, the dogs did not run barking, as sheep dogs do, at the stranger. The very path to the house was overgrown, and dumb with grass; even a dog's keen ears could scarcely have heard a footstep.

The door of the swipsherd's but was over.

The door of the swineherd's hut was open. but all was dark within. The suiders had woven a glittering web across the empty blackness, a sign that for many days no man had entored. Then the Wanderer shouted twice, and thrice, but the only answer was the echo from the hill. He went in, hoping to find food, or perhaps a grark of fire sheltered under the dry leaves. But all was vacant and cold as death.

ties of the untravelled and untaught. Who are we-whatever may be our lineage and pride of birth-that we should tence ourselves round with a pallsade of suspicion or distain?"

"He had no right to come up and speak to you, grandfather," was all she would say, and that with a quite unusual framess.

In the evening, after dinner, when the time came at which Maisrie was accustomed to take up her violing there was obviously a little contarrassment. But George Bothone tried to break through that by a forced display of geniality. or perhaps a spark of fire sheltered under the dry leaves. But all was vacant and cold as death.

The Wanderer came forth into the warm sunlight set his face to the fill again, and went on his way to the city of thace.

He saw the sea from the hill-top glittering as of yore, but there were no brown salls of isher boats on the sea. All the land that should now have waved with the white corn was green with tangled weeds. Half way down the rugged rath was a grove of alders, and tho basin into which the water flowed from the old foundation of the Nymphs. But no matters were there with their pitchers; the basin was breken, and green with mould; the water slipped through the crevices and hurried to the sea. There were no offerings of way-farers, rags, and pobbles by the well; and on the altar of the Nymphs the flame had long been cold. The very ashes were covered with grass, and a branch of ity had hidden the stone of sacrifice.

On the Wanderer pressed with a heavy heart. Now the high toof of his own hall she that he had been the wild fenced court were within his sight, and he hurried forward to know the worst.

Too soon he saw that the roofs were smokeless and all the court was deep he grass. Where the altar of Zeus had stood in the midst of the court there was now no altar, but a great gray mound, not of earth, but of white dust mixed with black. Over this mound the grays pricked up scentily, like thin hair on a leprory.

Then the Wanderer shuddered, for out of the gray mound peered the charred black by hes of the dead. He drew near, and to it the whole

ment. One good turn deserves another. Out your violin, and play something; he will understand."

"transfather, how can you ask me?" she said almost indignantly; and there was that in the tone of her voice that forbade him to pross her further.

But porhais the universal stillness that prevalled therenitor constel some kind of reproach to her, or perhaps her heart softened a little. At all events, the presently said in rather above voice an with a disident manner. "Grandiather, if you if you really think they young rentleman wished to be kind and obliging, and—if you would like to show him some little politeness in return—couldn't you she across the way—and—and see him, and this to him for a few minutes? Forhars he would be glad of that, if he is a the slope.

"A capital idea, Maisris" the old man said, rising at once. "A capital idea." And then he added with an air of fofty compliasency and condescension as he selected a couple of volumes from a heap of books on the addeback. Therhaps it might as well take over the Memoires with me; it is not at all unlikely he may wish to know something further about Maximilen de Bethure. I am not surprise! not at all surprised—that a yeung ann caled larrie should perceive that there is something in the arandeur of an old name."

Then the Wanderer shuddered, for out of the gray mound peeded the charred black hone of the dead. He drew near, and, lot the whole heap was of nothing case than the ashes of men and women. Death had been buse been here many reopie had perished of the thing of the while they who the dead for there will be a consultation of the dead of the the way and doors gap.

Costiveness

Becomes chronic, if the proper mode of treatment is not adopted. All harsh and drastepurgatives only tend to weaken the bowels and render cure next to impossible. The salest and most effective aperient is Ayer's Pills, the use of which restores the regular action of the bowels and strengthens the whole digestive canal.

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none came forth. The house was dead, like the people who had dwelt in it.

Then the Wanderer paused where once the old hound Argos had welcomed him and had died is that welcome. There, unwelcomed, he stood leaning on his staff. Then a sudden ray of the sun fell on something that silitered in the hear, and he touched it with the end of the staff he had in his hand. It sild jingling from the hear. It was a bone of a foreign and that which glittered on it was a half-molten ring of gold. On the gold these characters were engraved:

ded is that welcome. There interested the content of the plant, and the touched it with the end of the hear, and the touched it with the end of the hear, and the touched it with the end of the hear, and the touched it with the end of the hear. It was a bone of a footening the hear it was a bone of a footening the hear it was a bone of a footening the hear it was a bone of a footening the hear it was a bone of a footening the hear it was a bone of a footening the hear it was a bone of a footening the hear it was the secret plant in the footening the hear it was the secret plant in the footening of the search plant in the footening of the hear it was the secret plant in the footening of the hear it was the secret plant in the footening of the hear it was the secret plant in the footening of the hear it was the secret plant in the fail bronze bright in the fail b

wandberee stood and noosed on me wenough faint at first, a thin note but as he intended to the wells. Doth ans love a man relative voice of it in that sinche grew strong anary, it is seemed that the wordless chant rang thus: it seemed that the wordless chant rang thus: it seemed that the wordless chant rang thus: THE SONG OF THE BOW.

Reson and low.

Free song of the how.

The song of the how string.

The wordless in men.

In we of from for.

With our whan be stirred.

And the reavents piece.

Free the feath of wardless of the reavents piece.

Free the feath of wardless of the string.

The song the string string the song of the string.

The song of the string string the song of the string.

The song of the string string the song that is a string string the string string the song that is a string string the string string.

The song of the string stri

The tragram night was clear and shift the silence scarce broken by the imping of the waves as the Wanderer went down from his fallen home to the city on the sea, walking warlift, and watching for any light from the bouses of the poople. But they were all as dark as his 's, many of them rootless and

ruined, for, after the plague, an earthquake had smitten the city. There were gaing chasms in the read, here and there and there and through rifts in the walls of the houses the moon shone strangely, making ragged shadows. At last the wanderer reached the Temple of Athone, the Goddess of War; but the roof had tallen in and the plillars were everset, and the scent of wild thyme growing in the broken pavement rose where he walked jet, as he stood by the door of the fane, where he had

THE VISION OF THE WOLLD'S DESIRE.